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MARTIAL LYRICS

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Alfred A. Burman

MARTIAL LYRICS

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POEMS *on the* WAR *for* DEMOCRACY

By

ALFRED ANTOINE FURMAN

1918

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No 1.

TO

WOODROW WILSON

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The poems included in this volume were originally published in the Passaic *Daily News;* and are now issued in collected form mainly in compliance with requests from members of the National Army. These stanzas have been composed during the past twelve months as a versified commentary on the tragic events which have marked the period from our declaration of war against Germany to the date of the President's address in Baltimore accepting the last challenge of the great military power. Arranged in the sequence of their first appearance, without alteration, they are offered to the public as a reflection of the general patriotic opinion in the justice and the ultimate success of the American cause.

THE AUTHOR.

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TO THE NATIONAL ARMY.

Hail and farewell!
Ye sacred sons of liberty and vengeance,
Bearing a nation's hope you cross the seas,
Charged with a mission that will sanctify
Arms even in these days; yea, nothing less
Than to protect and save from vandal hands
The ark of freedom menaced by a foe
Unscrupulous and strong, in by-gone years
Living, proud of their evils, glorifying
The age of iron, their swords drunk with blood,
Staggering in gulfs where wrecks are strewn of bones,
Guns, uniforms, debris of cities lost,
Clasped by red ruin, while slow waves of death,
Creep silent under night's black canopy.

Farewell but for a time!
Your face is turned towards the dawn, on the brow
Of the long future crowned with golden days,
Steadfastly gazing: to bring on that time
For wronged humanity you unsheathed the sword.
Our love wear in your hearts; remember always
Your country's arms are strangers to defeat,

And ask from you that prestige be maintained
In this the last of wars. Behind you stand
A hundred million joined in firm resolve,
Enriched by sorrow, pledged to win the war:
Clad in such ecstacy of dauntless will
You shall be vested there with strength of them
On native soil contending, when you strike
You lock against the foe all doors of hope,
And he is vanquished. Thus we wait the issue
With calmness, ready to greet the new world
You will prepare for this distracted one
Departing; and then welcome you with pride
Back to your homes, to dwell in safety here.

APRIL 1917

THE LAST APPEAL.

With patience infinite he stood,
And viewed with sorrowing eyes,
A nation wrought to frenzied mood
By deeds of dark emprise;
A nation versed in every art,
A light once to the mind,
Constrained to play an evil part
By leaders false and blind.

With eloquent and fearless pen
That won a world's applause,
He pleaded with the blood-drunk men
To honor human laws;
But, maddened by the lust of power,
They rushed from crime to crime,
Unknowing that their final hour
Had struck in halls of time.

In vain was all his zeal for peace,
In vain his counsels just;
He saw their violence increase,
His pleas trod in the dust:
And then he drew with righteous ire
The sword long under ban
But tempered in a holy fire,
To guard the rights of man.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

The giant slept. Prosperity,
Aloofness, and the sense of being free,
Relaxed his ardor and his vigilance.
At peace and in security he looked askance
On nations yoked to military arts.
His cities, ports and marts
With industry were vocal; in his lap
Commerce poured unimagined wealth to wrap
His soul in languor: the sublimer air,
In other days his common fare,
Was now unknown, or all too rare.

The giant woke. His wide domain
Drenched with a golden rain,
Was spread in happiness before his smiling eyes.
But, hark! what sounds arise
Borne by each wind from Europe's shore!
The war ignored, so distant once, is at his door.
He hears at last the cannons roar;
Angered, he views his ships on every sea
For ages long held sacred, free,
Sunk with their human freight.
And shall he wait
Crouching among the powers, emasculate,
To drink the cup his foes with insults fill;
Or rise and feel once more the generous thrill
That proves he is a warrior still?

The giant rose. But can his steps unsteady, slow,
Be match for such a daring foe?
Ay! he will buckle on his sleeping sword,
And scorn his blood to hoard
When honor calls.
Peace he adores, and in her beauteous halls
Would ever dwell; but in the mire of shame
He will not drag his noble name,
His splendid fame;
And as the trumpets blow, and the drums beat,
He cheerfully will leave his pleasant seat
To follow with a confidence complete
That banner which has never known defeat.

A WORLD IN FLAMES.

Fate said: the ancient order wearies me;
I would have changes on each land and sea,
Nature, I own, loves change; but she is slow,
Dissatisfied like me, but creeping: I will show
That patient dame the proper pace to go.
Kings have I used to govern foolish men;
But they are wedded to the past, and have no ken,
No vision of the future when this earth
Like one awakening to a glorious birth
In some far sphere, shall feel herself full-grown,
And, self-reliant, free, come to her own.

Fate wore a mocking smile, and saw
With a disdainful pride his will made law;
For he can knead bread out of stones,
And beauty draw from dead men's bones.
He roams thro chaos; where the earthquake swells
And crimson ruin follows, there he dwells;
Majestic seas in the primeval night
Submerging continents, were his delight;
And with a malice silent, cold, he stains
The clear white vase of hope man forms to ease
his pains.

The tragedy was opened as the author planned,
Its dread scenes shifted by a master hand.
First rang upon the summer air a short sharp sound:
An empire's heir sank on the bloody ground.
That startling prelude lit a powder train
Which ran thro nations, and flamed up again,
In passions sleeping long:
Reason was drowned in gulfs of wrong.
In vain resisting, charmed and bound,
Each country in the fatal maelstrom found
Its people drawn, the purple waves of war
In thunder dashing madly on its shore;
Ocean with victims strewn, and his dark bed
Filled with the innocent and guilty dead,
The astonished lands resounding with alarms
As bugles call the strong and brave to arms,
And patriot women steel the poor sick heart
In tears to sacrifice its dearest part;
While Fate in more than jovial mood
Views from his gloomy solitude
The world in flames, the trophy to be won
A new position in the sun.

THE SUBMARINE.

What new possessor of the deep
Is ranging swift its waters wide,
A stranger to the bands that keep
Their vigils in the restless tide;
And on it gaze with sleepless eye
As its dark figure rushes by?

Is it content the sea to roam,
Seeking its prey in his dim wild;
To speed along the sparkling foam
Or float like some shy mermaid's child,
And hide within the tawny caves
With echoes of the tropic waves?

No! this is man bereft of soul,
In war delighting as of yore;
But having drained her bloody bowl
In every land, he leaves the shore
To spread the slimy, silent bed
Of ocean with his hapless dead.

Aghast, the ancients of the sea
Who only slay when hunger calls,
From such relentless spoilers flee
To their remotest emerald halls;
Since in those realms it was unknown
To slaughter for revenge alone.

MAY 1917

THE AVIATOR.

To C. W. C.

A comrade of the clouds, the eagle's heir,
Borne by the courteous winds,
He calmly floats, and in the prospect fair
A rapture finds.

Earth spread beneath, the dazzling sun above,
Around a purer clime,
His spirit revels in a newer love,
A life sublime.

But from his palace in ancestral skies,
The warrior bird looks down;
And, as such alien rival he descries,
He wears a frown.

For this new comer carries in his hands,
Weapons long called his own,
To hurl upon the sad and stricken lands
From his blue throne.

No longer dream to rule as sovereign there,
But tribute to man bring;
Since he has made a conquest of the air,
And reigns her king.

MARSHAL JOFFRE.

Guest of the nation, feted, cheered,
To us for noble France endeared,
The hand of welcome we extend,
And to your martial genius bend.

Rest here betimes; in honor rest;
Your triumph fusing in our breast
A steadfast valor to complete
Your crafty foes' ordained defeat.

Dream; and in fancy see again
The Huns descend on Chalons plain;
A million strong, resolved to lay
Your beauteous land beneath their sway.

Before their ruthless march your ranks
Fall slowly backward to the banks
Of the sad Marne, where once before
Their prototypes went down in gore.

The Marne! blest omen! it awakes
A glorious memory that makes
Your arm resistless; and the foe
Before such rampart melts like snow.

Like Attila's, the invading horde
Beat vainly 'gainst a patriot sword;
Like his barbarians, turn and flee,
And leave your bleeding country, free.

On Fame's immortal tongue shall dwell
The prodigy you wrought so well;
While Glory keeps for ever green
The laurels of that tragic scene!

THE STARRY FLAG.

To Lt. R. G. P.

How beautiful it floats, kissed by the sun
So tenderly, as he regretted earth had won
Such splendid treasures from his native skies;
The imperial red that typifies
Billows of life which climb and foam
On planet shores where ceaseless roam
His fecundating rays, the gleaming white
Born of those trembling shafts of light
Which from his golden bosom fall;
The radiant blue whose glories so enthrall
The sovereign stars they hasten at his call
To emblazon high this standard virginal
On borrowed hues from his cerulean hall.

And round this ensign fair, below, above,
Twined in a firm enduring love
For this last struggle of the world
Against oppression, see unfurled
The winsome banner of those nations proud
With it allied, and, desperate, vowed
To rescue freedom, or to be its shroud.

In these so anxious, so uncertain days,
Upon those symbols feed your troubled gaze,

Ye peoples who are free;
And if you wish your sons to be
Heirs to that precious liberty,
Learn that your freedom so adored
Must be defended by the sword;
And if you falter now,
And to the feudal leaders bow,
And liberty surrender to their lust,
And let them trail those banners in the dust,
The dykes that guarded your dear land
Are swept away; and that unholy band
In dungeons of a dying past
You, pitiless, will cast,
And in long darkness bind you fast;
And Satan, gloating, will again have trod
Beneath his feet the eternal days of God.

RUSSIA.

What thing was it the soldier's boot
Struck down, where in the dust, prone, mute,
It helpless lies? The Russian throne!
Was that the object we had known
Standing in darkness and in blood
That weltered 'neath another flood
Of curses deep yet breathed in vain?
That proudly rose amid the slain,
Begirt with bayonet and sword,
And grimly shaking knout and cord?
That dwelt in autocratic night
While Freedom poured her charming light
On more and more of earth? And has one blow,
One only blow, thus laid the monster low!

Man changes; and the right divine
Possesses now a single shrine—
On German soil, and where the Turk
Still plies his old congenial work
Of murdering Christians in the land
Where first the cross was planted. Grand.
Appropriate, is such brotherhood!
But evolution strives for good;
And let us hope the scales will fall
From Teuton eyes, and to the call
Of a world-wide democracy
They will at last responsive be;
Sending their Kaiser to some distant shore,
Uncrowned, to study in that modern lore.

MEMORIAL DAY.

With fragrant breath, and smiling face,
The gentle May comes on apace,—
Returns to fill her flowery urn;
But never more will they return,
Who sleep beneath the hallowed sod
Our reverent feet have yearly trod.

Then, weeping, lay upon their grave
A floral tribute to the brave
Who calmly answered that great call
The nation made; and gave it all—
All that they had, with patriot pride;
And for us struggled, for us died.

JUNE 1917

CONSCRIPTION.

We have been selfish; we have thought
All we were lacking would be brought
By time and fortune, as we played
And danced a hornpipe in the shade;
That life would sow her joys so thick
We need but lift our hand and pick
The luscious fruit; her enchanted cup
Raise to our lips, and bliss drink up;
Walk sheltered ways, our happy land
Protected by an unseen hand;
And if sweet peace were still our guest,
Feel that some kindly fate would wrest
From the grim king of war his scepter soon;
While we sang ditties 'neath the lady moon.

Not yet such hour! In our vexed world
The old black banner is unfurled
That stifles freedom like a pall,
And seeks dominion over all;
Sneers at zeal for humanity,
At sufferings dire on land and sea;
Treaties disdaining; to no law
Submitting, save the dragon's paw,
The hungry beak, the ravin claw,
To smite the nations and to awe.
But now we leave the life we led,
And boldly meet this terror dread;
To guard till death our noble legacy,
To vindicate our privilege to be free.

THE LIBERTY LOAN.

As lightning from an angry cloud
Leaps, courier of the thunder loud
That follows, grumbling, from his misty lair,
And crashes on the banks of upper air,
So to the nation's solemn call
The youthful hosts from cot and hall
Came thronging, eager to display
Their ardor for the martial fray.
Brave hearts! The countrys' genuine soul!
Exalted so, no longer in the roll
Of common men to stand,
But paladins of freedom who command
Our affection as a Spartan band
To guard and save their threatened land.

If they give life, can you not give
A lesser thing so that the state may live
To shed upon the waking earth
The glorious light which here had birth?
Subscribe, and then subscribe again,
To those new bonds that do not chain;
Those gentle bonds that keep you free,
And pledge the world to a democracy.
You can not lose; on your sure side
The calm, majestic laws of right abide
Which in this ordered, steadfast universe,
Can never be repealed. Beneath the curse
Of goodness writhes your sanguinary foe;
Now deal his cankered heart a staggering blow!

TWO!

Crowns at a discount; who will buy?
But few remain, and the supply,
My friends, is growing smaller: soon
They will be scarce as snow in June.
Buy now, and we will give you, free,
A faithful guard whose care shall be
To watch your treasure constantly;
And when the people murmur, see
Its golden bands are fitted tight
Around your temples, day and night.

We offered you a month ago
A bargain in this line, you know,—
The Russian crown ablaze with gems,
A choice one in our diadems.
The next will even finer be;
A bauble made in Germany.
Already from the owner's brow
It topples; and you will allow
It is the thing you should possess:
Our "ads" watch in the daily press!

THE RED CROSS.

For hours since from her lattice in the east
The lily hand of morn was seen, till ceased
The weary footsteps of the pilgrim day
At gates of night, was waged the mortal fray.
The cannon thundered, the shrill rifle spoke
Its fierce staccato thro the sullen smoke
Which wrapped the contested field till the slow fall
Of darkness threw a sympathetic pall
Over the foes, the living and the dead
Together resting in one bloody bed.
Across this sea of passion came the bark
Of kindness to relieve the misery stark;
To carry from the desolated field
The stricken, and the brave ones who had sealed
Their devotion with their lives; with gentle hands
To weave on wounds a web of grateful bands;
To cool the parching tongue; to soothe the brow
Knitted with pain; the body to endow
With a new fund of strength; to cheer, condole,
And drop some comforts in the troubled soul.
O inconsistent man! first to destroy;
And then, repenting, agencies employ
To repair in slight degree your own dark deeds!
From council of the primal blood that breeds
Such ignoble rage, expel the baser germ
Which strife incites and feeds the endless worm!
Meanwhile, support in every human way
Those noble hearts which, housed in finer clay,
Live as a prophecy of that superior day
Our earth shall know when war has lost his sway.

THE MAILED FIST.

William, your much-consoling telegram received,
With thanks for sympathy to one bereaved,
And in the sacred cause of heaven-sent kings
So suffering. I will go to you on wings,
Leaving this darkened land with bitter scorn
To dwell with you in the inspiring morn
Of autocratic and unbridled power
Where never clouds of stormy freedom lower.
I did my little bit to hold the foe
From striking at your flank, when you laid low
Rumania's pride; I kept a secret base
For German submarines whence they would chase
The Allied merchantmen, and sink at night
Men, women, children, with a fierce delight.
And now I must confess with deep regret,
I can not pay more of the enormous debt
Owing for your great teachings in the art
Of Kultur, and I am not perfect in your part
Of shooting women, dropping bombs on schools,
To show the workings of that Kultur's rules.
But till your shining armor on our shore
Appears, and your sword rattles, to restore
My kingdom and my crown, I fain would sit
Down at your feet, your wisdom and your wit
Long drinking, when your labors will permit;
And study how we should our purpose screen,
And never to the side of mercy lean—
My bosom is convulsed with sorrow keen—
William, I can no more. Love from the Queen,
Your sister; tears from your crownless Constantine.

BELGIUM.

Ravished, and to the den
Of godless men,
Borne pale and drooping, there to expiate
Your bold defiance to a barbarous state;
Your peaceful fields made desolate;
Your cities plundered; and your people sent
Into a cruel banishment!
The shrines of art;
The altars of religion where the heart
Could wrap herself in light
Falling from darkest night,—
Those treasures which your pagan foes
Held in respect, the Prussian overthrows!

I travelled in your pleasant land;
I grasped the cordial hand
Of many a friend upon your busy soil;
I lived beneath their roofs, witnessed the honest toil
By which they earned the right
To dwell with peace in freedom's cherished light.
And now those friends are dead,
Untimely perished in the dripping bed
Of ruthless war;
Or, ruined, wander far
In other lands, the fading star
Of hope declining; with an eye
Clouded with tears and dazed by a strange sky;
Crushed by misfortunes stranger still, and wondering why.

Can these deeds be
On threshold of a century
Termed civilized? Alas! once more is right
Stabbed to the heart in house of might.
And shall we idly claim that Providence
Is now on trial; ay, should in its own defense
Be manifest behind the flouted laws
Of justice, and defend a sacred cause?
With hideous glee
The despots mock such piety.
With arms alone we may in sadness say
To Belgians yet alive: A retributive day
Comes after your long night of sorrow and dismay:
A great avenger is upon the way.

THE ITALIAN ENVOYS.

You come to us from that historic land
Which was the nurse of laws, the home of art,
In far-off times, ere we had claimed a part
Among the nations. From the Ausonian strand
Have we received, poured with a bountiful hand,
The greatest gifts,—music to soothe the heart,
Religion, letters, fame of deeds which start
New fires even in the blood born to command.
And for such legacy how shall we pay
Your nation fighting for its liberty?
Our unmeasured credit at your feet we lay;
Our vast resources; men who bend the knee
To not a power on earth. Drive fear away;
Press to your lips the cup of victory!

JULY-AUGUST 1917

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

'Mid foes, at home and from abroad,
We planted with a feeble sword
Our derided freedom on this day.
The tempest flower grew in the ray
Of an eternal sun whose light
Incessant struggled with the night
Of that delightful slavery
In minds that hated to be free.
We keep that banner in the sky,
In language dumb to testify
Of nobler ages for the world;
And proudly are its stars unfurled
Before the malignant enemies
Of freedom here and overseas,
Who vainly battle and conspire
To extinguish on the earth that mystic fire.

AMERICAN TROOPS IN FRANCE.

Long years ago, Europe sent in the wilderness
To found new states and in the rough caress
Of nature soberly to dwell, her strong and brave;
And now in Europe's day of danger and distress,
The childrens' children turn with tenderness
To their afflicted parent; and the blood she gave
Give back again, resolved to guard and save
Her threatened life, and dig oppression's grave.

GREECE HERSELF AGAIN.

No more you dally with the hoary wrong;
No more my city of the violet crown,
Forgetful of her unapproached renown,
Permits the tyrant's boastful slaves to throng
Those templed hills where wisdom, sculpture, song,
Dwelt with the gods. No barbaric waves could drown
The bark of knowledge which your schools sent down
The stream of time to keep our spirits strong.
Today we see your genuine soul revealed:
Epaminondas lives for you again;
From Marathon a soldier comes to wield
That puissant sword which broke the Persian chain;
And the great Spartan sleeping on his shield
Dreams that his sacrifice was not in vain.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

The navy leads; a deadly blow
Is planted on the treacherous foe;
Nor friendly night, nor ambuscade
Deep in the silent ocean laid,
Could help the sea wolves where they lay
With gaunt teeth gnashing in the spray,
To spring upon their fearless prey,
And in his back to smite and slay.

In quick succession from their lair
The dread torpedoes cut the air;
But harmless speed by bow and stern,
And the affrighted waters churn.
Our steady guns indignant speak,
And on the dastards instant wreak
The doom their fiendish crimes demand
From man's aroused, avenging hand.

They sleep beneath the solemn sea
In shrouds of endless infamy;
While those devoted men whose life
They sought by this unmanly strife,
Live, and press on to strike the knell
Of them who to dishonor sell
A name that once was truly crowned
For valor, and for worth renowned.

HER SOLDIER BOY.

The bugles blow, and beat the drums,
And proudly flash your eyes;
But over me a faintness comes,
And all my words are sighs;
A sadness wraps my chilly heart;
My lips can only moan,
That now we must so weeping part,
And I shall be alone.

But when you tread the fighting line,
And screams the bursting shell,
My love your image will enshrine,
And by your side will dwell;
And it will nerve your arm with power
To conquer every foe,
And hasten back that blissful hour
That only we can know.

For I will think of you by day,
And dream of you at night;
And chide the time that keeps away
My darling dear delight;
But when I see your face again,
And when I hear your voice,
I will forget this grief and pain,
And bid my heart rejoice.

A MODERN GOTH.

With deep-laid plans and endless files
  Of soldiers trained to do his will,
The war-lord draws his sword, and smiles
  To see the world with horror thrill.

He scorns the paths of peace to tread
  By which his subjects slowly rose;
But yearns for war to strike with dread
  Earth, and on it his bonds impose.

The methods of the feudal times
  He would continue in this age;—
The tyranny, the brutal crimes
  Which stain the sad historic page.

As springs a lion on the fold,
  As sweeps the mighty eagle down,
His iron chariot ruthless rolled
  Thro quiet hamlet, busy town.

He called his master from below,
  To aid him in devising ways
To swell the tide of death and woe,
  As in their dear departed days.

Those days the world has now outgrown,
And never more desires to see,
When drunk with power the guilty throne
Stood on the neck of liberty.

Supported by an abject land,
He tramples law beneath his feet;
And, shameless, shakes his dripping brand
And deems his barbarous sway complete.

And if his foes would still preserve
The timid progress time has made,
They must strain every fearless nerve
To shatter that triumphant blade.

TO THE PACIFISTS.

Fain would I dwell in quietude,
Serenely on the isle of peace,
Far from the world's convulsions rude;
And sign with time a long, long lease
To live this only certain life
Unvexed by yoke of rage and strife.

But at our throats a maniac leaps,
And brandishes a torch and sword;
And mother earth in panic keeps
By wild ambition, plots abhorred,
To bring beneath his brutal sway
All nations as his proper prey.

Have you condoned his senseless crimes,
Lands ruined where his soldiers tread?
And heard you not the mournful chimes
That tolled our Lusitania dead?
His blasphemy in calling God
To sanctify the devil's rod?

Then turn to him, and lay your pleas
Down humbly at his bloody feet;
Or bid his dazzled subjects seize
Their fetich, and in barred retreat
Confine him with that rabid crew
Who 'gainst the peace their weapons drew.

For that the harried world will praise
  Your zeal; and treason, too, forgive;
But we must still pursue our ways
  To end the scourge, that some may live;
And when we shall have rung its knell,
And buried it, all will be well.

THE HUN REDIVIVUS.

A strange thing occupies the stage
Confusing all, the dull and sage,—
A government bequeathed by time,
Unchanged, from that mephitic clime
Of soul—oppressing, lawless power
Which everywhere has had its hour,
Has vanished from the tortured lands,
Save where the Prussian lord commands.

In fairest quarters of the world
Its loathsome body is uncurled;
And crawls in silent, devious roads,
To strangle in those cruel modes
So long prevailing on the earth,
The child of freedom at its birth;
Making its dark and slimy den
The refuge of ignoble men.

But progress can not thus be chained;
Nor lost the age—long trophies gained
By those stern, famished hearts that gave
Life rather than remain a slave:
The challenged nations with one mind,
To banish tyranny, combined;
And, chartered by divine decree,
Struggle to set all peoples free.

SEPTEMBER 1917

THE NATIONAL ARMY.

To J. J. B.

We come from all States of the nation to pledge
Our lives and our fortunes anew;
To stand on the battle's grim perilous edge,
'Neath the folds of the red, white and blue;
The hamlets and cities are arming with zeal,
From office, from smithy and farm,
To prove that the country's great danger they feel,
And to save the Republic from harm.

We had hoped that the era of war had gone by,
The blessings of peace would be ours;
Those blessings once more the wild Prussians deny,
And demand we submit to their powers;
But their yoke we despise, and will never assume
While we draw on this planet a breath;
For blindly they rush on a merited doom
As we guard the Republic till death.

These foes of our freedom are many and strong,
The struggle ferociously wage;
But triumph to them should only belong
Who can temper with mercy their rage;
Who, armed in defence of the perishing right,
Will refuse the defenceless to slay,
But the bloody despoiler will fearlessly smite
To preserve the Republic for aye.

AD VATICANUM

With you, Most Holy Father, we lament
The fatal passion that so reckless bent
Men's feet upon war's dark and desperate road.
For centuries the bloody tide has flowed
Over your fairest lands; and e'er the stain
Of the last dried, the red stream starts again.
The millions who have laid their costly lives
Down for their country, leave not only wives,
Parents and children here to shed long tears,
Tears unavailing; but their timeless biers
Rob this poor world of what is not replaced—
Those sparks of genius which our race have graced
In every art that can the soul delight,
But sleeping now in ever-during night.

'Tis time, O Vicar of the Prince of Peace,
This futile holocaust of men should cease;
That reason should wring out the tiger drops
Which lurk in human blood, or progress stops.
These years forbid that man should still pursue
His wonted orgies when the world was new;
And he, just manumitted by his tyrant earth,
Was all unconscious of that inner worth
The ages would reveal; and which would raise
This life to level of supernal days.
The agent, then, of darkness here below
Sternly should be repressed, and made to know
He is a cancer in this Christian life,
Which must be cut out with relentless knife.

The hand is raised that will inflict his doom,
And rescue nations from the portentous gloom
He threatens in their tranquil noon; but prayer
From your annointed lips, may unaware
Creep in his breast, and soften his cold heart;
Till he consent to play a righteous part,
And offer the sacrifice that may be won,
In solitude, by grace of Mary's Son.

THE ANSWER.

In crystal words that he may read who runs,
The President declines a truce; and brands
With scorn the Hohenzollern perfidy.
The patriotic nation will applaud
This wise and just decision; and perceive
There lies the basis of a lasting peace.

Of old aggressive were the Prussian kings:
Poland partitioned; rich Silesia seized;
Alsace-Lorraine torn from its mother's side,
Attest their crimes, the crimes they gloried in.
But those were minor infamies compared
With their last plans to dominate the world.
France beaten down; Russia by her Tsar betrayed,
In separate peace to travel hand in hand
With his exampler; neighboring lands annexed;
The British empire struck in vital parts,
Divided, and its golden colonies
Hung at their girdle; virgin continents,
Washed by the Southern seas, to taste no more
The wine of independence; Panama,
Harbor and toll-gate of the German fleet,—
Such were the schemes wove in their cabinet,
Atrocities they cared not to conceal,
And which had made imperial Rome to seem
A novice merely in her palmiest days.

But now those plots have failed; balked and unmasked,
The criminals solicit peace, to rest
And, later, spring, with power that grows from pain,
On their devoted prey. The age says, No!
The baleful star of grey autocracy
Is setting; and in skies political
Only the milder orbs will be discerned
Of governments the people minister.

THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC.

Out of the night
Into the light,
Not thro the pure, the placid dawn
Around the steps of June in beauty drawn;
But to a morn
On clouds of anguish born,
In retinue of storms—the lightning's flash
Close followed by the peeling crash
Of thunder, as it stumbled on behind
Loud stammering in fierce joy, exultant, unconfined,
While in its shrouded car the reckless wind
Dashed by in madness, wailing, deaf and blind:
Such was your birth
Amid the ghastly mirth
Of this oppressed, infuriated earth.

Sad child!
Come to a heritage so dismal, desperate, wild;—
This scene of chaos wide
Lapped by a tide of blood on every side,
Where idly tossed
The treasures lost—

Fragments of crowns, a myriad glistening bones
Thick strewn of men whose lives were tears and
groans,
Grim instruments of torture, whips, knouts, chains,
Relics of prisons, palaces and fanes
Where every God was worshipped man could find
Within the borders of his fertile mind;
While in your country's side is fastened deep
Fangs of a foe whose hate will never sleep!

Or have you, full-armed, sprung
From brain of destiny, old but yet young,
To add your vast domain
To the beneficent and constant-growing reign
Of equal government throughout the world;
And when the last arch-despot shall be hurled
Down steeps of ruin, then to take your place,
For freedom by the side of that heroic race
Which has, thro age—long night,
Waged the stern fight;
And over time's dark, weltering sea,
Held up, unfaltering, the torch of liberty?

COUNT LUXBURG.

Spurlos Versenkt. Sink them and leave no trace!
Ay, dead men tell no tales, and in the race
For world dominion, and our destined place
In the great sun, we can not, will not be
Fettered by scruples of humanity.
We preach the iron gospel of the strong
Revised to date, that to the elect belong
Earth and her peoples; and disdain the creed
Of equal rights as but a broken reed
To lean on, when you come to govern men.

The German is a docile citizen;
He does not wish to breathe the alien air
Of freedom; but will blindly follow where
Our royal master leads. He hugs his chain,
And never dreams to murmur or complain;
But willingly will drag our imperial car
To all un-Kultured nations near and far.
Our propaganda, plots and infamies
He will condone if crowned with victories;
If foreign lands are brought beneath the yoke,
And England's sea supremacy is broke,
Which has till now been interposed to shield
Our foes from the gigantic force we wield,
Bidding us dwell in fear our fate was sealed.

The U boat is the surest instrument
That science to our ready hand has lent;
And ruthlessly it must be used to set
Our brows within the dreaded coronet
Of universal power, on that proud throne
All countries ruling firmly—like our own.

OCTOBER 1917

TO THE KAISER.

❦ ❦

We read your answer to the Pope;
And if the nations nursed a hope
You had sustained some change of heart
With that delusion let them part.
We see the same intriguing hand
And mind which so audacious planned
The conquest of the world; and now
Foiled, studying with a knitted brow
How to ensnare your enemies
With platitudes and fallacies.

You speak of morals, lift your eyes
With pious unction to the skies;
And seek to sweep away the flood
Of innocent, accusing blood
Mounting around you, as you draw
Into the jungle there to gnaw
The file, and wipe your dripping jaw
Again clean; you who know no law
Save your own will, and standing there
With flaming eyes cry: "Earth, beware!"

Waste no more time on terms of peace;
Your hollow machinations cease:
In Berlin will the Allies write
The terms of peace, and the dread night
Of your dominion end,—a reign
Anomalous, and now in vain.
But choose some island of the sea
Where, far removed from royalty,
You may sigh out your span of life
When men have bid adieu to strife.

THE NEW JAPAN.

Land of the rising sun,
Gleaming on Asia's brow an urn of light
To pioneer your sister nations from the night
Of old opinion to the day
Slow-dawning of the peoples' sway,
From wars so long ago begun,
So slowly from the banded despots won!

Two thousand years your dynasty can claim
The fealty of those hidden isles;
Recluses, self-contained, unknown to fame,
And careless of its frowns or smiles;
Steeped in the Buddhist faith which life beguiles
Of action, its great wish to be the guest
Of quietude in halls of endless rest,—
These creeds thrown by, you grasp the sword
And take your station, proud, unawed,
By them resolved to chain the Prussian lord.

One effort more we lay aside the brand,
Peace brooding over every land,
The peace of freedom. China draws
Her millions to the holy cause;
And in Arabia's burning sand
The long oppressed their rights demand.
East stretches to the west a hand

Of fellowship; the end comes on apace:
In narrower and still more narrow space
The scorpion is enclosed, his sting
Himself destroying in that fiery ring;
And as the nations of the world
Have, one by one, their flags unfurled
Against the universal foe,
We joy to see your crimson planet glow
Amid our stars; and may it travel by their side
Till all the powers in bay of peace at anchor ride!

NOVEMBER 1917

BRAZIL.

One foeman more throws down the angry glove
To challenge German conquest of the world;
Another sword unsheathed against the crime
That sought to turn the tide of progress back,
And on the neck of freeman bind again
The yoke of kings! The struggles of the past,
The martyrdom of men who blazed by death
A road to liberty, were all in vain
If this irruption of the modern Huns
Be crowned with triumph. And the splendid dawn
Of wise and philosophic government,
On justice founded, and fraternity,
To test supremely all our human powers,
Muffled in stormy clouds perforce would fade
Into an early night, and glorious hopes
Untimely perish, like the hapless flowers
When frost in darkness raids. But to transmit
Our valued legacy we drew the sword,
And welcome to our stern, devoted ranks
All forward nations, every manly soul.
Your green and yellow typify the sea,
And the bright orb which life bestows on all:
That symbol shall your sister nations call
To rally at your side, and keep you free!

IN THE TRENCHES.

Hurrah! Bravo!
You face the foe
With hearts aglow,
Prepared to deal the deadly blow!

Across the sea
You saw the beauteous form of liberty
Assaulted, stricken down,
In cherished haunts of field and town;
And perishing beneath the mortal frown
Of ancient tyranny,
For daring to be free;
And faithful to your land's renown,
You drew against the Prussian crown,
To end for aye its odious reign,
The sword that never has been drawn in vain.

First at the front
To bear the brunt
Of battle, in your footsteps millions tread,
Resolved like you, their blood to shed
To save the freedom that was won
So hardly by each sire and son
In other troubled days;
And sternly keep its torch ablaze
For millions yet to come,
When cannons shall at last be dumb,
And rolls no more the martial drum
Save in a paean o'er the despot's grave
With chorus by the bravest of the brave.

TO ITALY.

With fury of a hurricane
The German hordes pour down again
On your ensanguined plain,
As in the days of old;
But with a spirit firm and bold
Bequeathed by men of noblest mould,
You meet with death—devoted swords
Those havoc lords,
And hurl them in a bloody grave,
Or sink them in Piave's wave.

Against this sudden and malignant shock
Stand ever like your Alpine rock,
That on cold steel
Your foes may their invasion seal;
While in that hallowed ground
The shade of your progenitors renowned
Gather, and lend your arm
An energy and occult charm
To still preserve among the free
The land of law and liberty.

THE BOLSHEVIKI.

The elephant of empires overthrown
By forces its own tyranny had sown,
Prostrate and bound
Lies quivering with a mortal wound;
The class so long oppressed
In one great day mounts to the crest
Of power, and the most gorgeous diadem
By monarchs worn, pales to a tinsel gem,—
The symbol of a furious vanity
To which men, worshipping, for ages bent the knee.

The moral ground is heaving thro the world:
From their proud pedestals are despots hurled,
And made their policies to rue
By them who wood had hewn and water drew;
Earthquakes political are toppling down.
Systems and creeds of old renown;
On every field of privilege and pride
The lava streams of new opinions glide,
Subduing caste, and placing in the common hand
The terrible power its own fate to command.

Be wise, O Russian proletariat, in this strange day
Of your so great and sudden sway:
An empire wider than the Roman once enjoyed
By you will be made glorious, or destroyed:
Peace is not all; honor, honor is first,
Which, lacking, your position is accurst.
Be wise as serpents, as discreet;
The foe with whom you go to treat
Is in all honorable lands abhorred,
And knows no fealty but to the sword.

DECEMBER 1917

THE ALLIED LINE.

It stretches from the Northern sea
Thro plains and mountains where the free
By instinct make their home, to Adria's wave
Whose violet billows kiss and lave
The feet of Venice, in decay
More beautiful than in her youthful day.

Behind that line what spectral bodies loom
Hallowed, ennobled by the tomb,
Nerving the brave and strong
Still living, to avenge their wrong;
Defending unto death the cause sublime
For which they gave in life's sweet prime,
Whose garden is with every rapture sown,
The fullest measure of devotion known.

At every hazard let this martial shrine
Be held against the foe malign:
The hoarded jewel of the centuries
Dwells in its casket which the Hun would seize,
To open with the sword;
While every Junker—lord
In savage glee would gloat
As liberty's defenseless form he smote,
And flung it with contempt in that black moat
Of thralldom over which his sullied banners float.

HALIFAX.

The stricken city lies
Beneath implacable and cruel skies,
In winding sheet of snow,
While fiercely range and hoarsely blow
Its adjutants, the wrathful winds;
And marching in their wake death finds
A greater feast than he had dared to hope
Spread for him on that ruined slope
Which but one treacherous hour before
A happy population bore.

O pitiful humanity,
On life's unfathomed, enigmatic sea
Drifting so helplessly,
And shadowed by an old supernal curse,
An orphan in the universe;
And tho you wander thus forlorn
To unknown shores, the outcast or the scorn
Of sleepless eyes that see unseen
From an abode unchanging and serene,
To make your fortunes darker still,
By fierce ambition and ungoverned will,
To devastate by fire and sword
This earth of which you be the rightful lord,
And which thro ages will bestow
The only life of which we know,
And graced by wiser minds might be
A palace of felicity!

THE SERVICE FLAG.

I see it on the morning sky
  In simple beauty streaming;
Or in the lattice pensive lie
  Where loving eyes are beaming:
Its crimson tokens then recall
  Life's stream thro marble gleaming,
Its stars those steps which no more fall
  Where now our hearts are dreaming.

Symbol that they have gone their way,
  New duties stern fulfilling,
Their country's debt to freely pay
  In silent deeds or thrilling;
And we shall strive, from day to day,
  To quell all fancies chilling,
Call pride our sadness to allay
  While hope our fears is stilling.

JERUSALEM.

The sacred city falls, falls from the hand
Wielding in crusades centuries ago
That flaming and subduing brand
Which laid the unbelieving low!

What tragedies have you those ages known!
The mountain fortress of the Jebusite
Rallied in wild and headlong flight
From valor of the Canaanite;
The destined seat of David's primitive throne,
And consecrated by the holy Ark
When unblest peoples wandered in the dark!
Around your hill so famous by the zeal
Of them who could a deep conviction feel,
The waves of war dashed furious and long,
And vanquished all but your devotion strong.
The Persian, Roman, Greek, Arabian laid
Their hard yoke on you, but they never made
Your soul a captive; that to other lands
Departed, and obeyed the lightning-brought commands
You, trembling, heard in Sinai's fiery sands.

And in our glorious day the English sword
Restores you to your ancient lord;
And calls your faithful votaries
Back to your hallowed places, over lands and seas,
To your beloved abode of peace
Where conflicts of the spirit cease,
In that dear holy land where trod
The feet of patriarchs, prophets, and the Son of God,
Again to dwell, again in joy to dwell
On Zion's rock, by Siloam's soothing well;
With you the centre of the world's religious lore
Now, and tomorrow, and for ever more.

THE AUSTRIAN TERMS.

Four years! Four years
Of hunger, misery, and tears!
Blithely you rushed into the arms
Of that Delilah where she lay
With smiles alluring, waiting for her prey;
And deemed her long belauded charms
All pains, all sorrows would repay,
All anguish of the nation wipe away.
Awaking from that dream of bliss,
And feeling on your lips her consuming kiss,
You strive to break those prison bars
To wander yet once more beneath the stars
Of meek, repudiated peace whose homely ways
You had so scorned in those imperial days
Lust of dominion made your festered soul
Blind to the stern, impassive goal
That nature sets for man's control.
Behind you stands the vaunting hero of our time,
Dejected, haggard, ageing in his prime,
The senior partner in your futile crime;
His horns and cloven feet concealed
In part by peaceful words, in part revealed
By flashes of his shining sword
And his mailed fists, those darlings of the Prussian
lord;

Seeking by stale and customary fraud
When valor balks his plans, to be restored
Only in that prized ante status quo
Whence he may deal your honorable foe
A deadlier blow.

But we are pleased you own at last
The hope of victory is past;
And offer, with some feelings of remorse,
To mend your bold and bloody course.
It is one step; but nothing now may save
Your dynasties from fate's appointed grave.
Lay down the scepter, wrap your jewelled crown
In deepest foldings of your purple gown;
And to your people grant the precious power
To ratify their mandate of this hour:
Till that is done, we still shall stand
On guard, with sword in hand.

JANUARY 1918

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

Long, long ago when I was fair,
They tore me from your side;
And, crushed with sorrow, in despair,
Bade me with them abide:
But tortured so, I lived for you,
O France, my France, my own;
And vowed to be for ever true
To you, to you alone.

If I had yielded to their will,
Had given my love to them,
I had been called a sovereign still
And worn a diadem;
But to their power I never knelt,
O France, beloved so well;
For in my heart of hearts you dwelt,
And there will ever dwell.

And now I go to you again,
For England says I may,
And that great land beyond the main,
Which nothing can gainsay:
Then we henceforth will never part,
O France, my France so dear,
Now dearer to my bleeding heart,
And dearer every year.

BREST-LITOVSK.

There, face to face, two systems stand;
But one must fall; the other may command,
Perchance, the unknown future of the world.
Brest, startled from its slumber, sees unfurled
A hostile flag beneath whose haughty fold
Sleek emissaries of some kingdoms old,
Confront with sinister and rash designs
The simple delegates whose policy enshrines
Hopes of a people who had trodden down,
Indignantly, the scepter and the crown.

A relic of the past, the Prussian lord
Disdains all charters save the sword,
But that he worships as the nation's god
By whose celestial favor he has trod
On neck of freedom, and on man born free,
So sanctioned, binds the yoke of slavery;
With spies fills many a peaceful land,
Ordered to ply the dagger and the brand
In argument convincing of his bloody hand;
And tears up treaties when they awkward stand
A barrier to his evil projects planned;
Or dashes thro them, as but ropes of sand.

On such wild counsels, children of the night,
The revolted Slav would pour the purer light
Of new opinion from a modern school,—
The people only should the people rule;
That war has had its long and terrible day,
And should no more on the sad nations prey;
That man and nature wearily ordain
Odin and Mars themselves be slain,
And the discarded trappings of their woe
Be to posterity a gruesome show
Of that dark time the race was young,
And madly into baths of slaughter flung,
With hymns of hate upon its frenzied tongue;
But now—but now, forsooth, has come of age,
And should dismiss the tutors of its rage.
Thus, face to face, two systems stand;
One, old, effete, and dying by the hand
Of fate; the other, young, ablaze with zeal
Its ideal doctrines to reveal.

A GERMAN PEACE.

A German peace! Would it be aught
But endless turmoils, battles fought
Where bayonets pinned down the land
Prostrated by that iron hand,
Once free but writhing 'neath the sway
Of odious force in that sad day?
Could nations that had saved with blood
And treasure, freedom from the flood
Of soul-destroying tyranny,
Contented live, supinely see
The Teuton bind on them a yoke
Which long ago their fathers broke?

With brutal candor they declare
Conquest is now the only fare
On which will feed their haughty sword,
And the sole business of its lord
(Born on a cannon, in the school
Of old oppression taught to rule
An abject people) who aspires
To trample down the patriot fires
Burning in alien lands, and stack
His furious arms and banner black
In that grim temple whose doors close
Never, to grant the world repose.

Behold a truly German peace!
Incessant conflict will not cease
Until we lay that monster low.
But yesterday he sought to sow
Strife in our ranks, and frankly said
His terms were to dominion wed;
Nothing would he to justice yield,
But like the Spartan, with his shield
Or on it, would return. And now
Our fate so shadowed, let us vow
Never to sheath our sword while reigns
That power, and clanks those dismal chains.

OUR CAPTAIN.

To Corp. L. D. R.

Our Captain is the man of men,
Nobler than skill of mine can pen;
And closer to our hearts each day
We strive his orders to obey.

Chorus: So let us fill the flowing bowl
And drink to him with all our soul;
And where he leads we arm and go
With confidence against the foe.

He teaches us with patient care
The rules of war, and does not flare
In anger when we fail to learn
With promptness all its lessons stern.

Chorus: So let us fill the flowing bowl
And drink to him with all our soul;
And where he leads we arm and go
With confidence against the foe.

He has a feeling for our needs
When cash is short, and generous feeds
Our purses till the happy day
The Government remits our pay.

Chorus: So let us fill the flowing bowl
And drink to him with all our soul;
And where he leads we arm and go
With confidence against the foe.

He grants us furloughs freely too
When we the City yearn to view,
And to our bosom press the pearl
We love the most—our own dear girl.

Chorus: So let us fill the flowing bowl
And drink to him with all our soul;
And where he leads we arm and go
With confidence against the foe.

AN ORDER OF THE DAY

What means this uproar? Why these cries
From every side that swell and rise
To deafen the astonished skies?
'Tis but an order of the Chief
Commanding us, for quick relief
To commerce and to traffic sick;
And see the air with protest thick;
This sudden storm of rhetoric!

And shall civilians seek to stay
The uplifted sword; and, frightened, say,
Hurt no one, try another way!
Was it for this we gave command
To head our armies, and withstand
The terrible foe on sea and land?
And when is issued order one
Turn pale, throw down our arms, and run?

By conduct such as that we gain
No battles; but excite disdain
In bosom of the enemy,
Jeering, when we in panic flee.
Let us close ranks, pick up our arms,
And from our hearts all vain alarms
Banish, if we at last would see
Writ on our banner—Victory!

FEBRUARY 1918

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Autocracy is dying: at its bier
Its last defenders kneel in grief and fear,
Mute gazing on that hard and wrinkled face
Where every crime had left a hideous trace,
With deep forebodings of the coming day
Destined to end their long and evil sway.
Sighs struggle thro their lips, and to their eyes
Some meager drops from their black hearts arise,
Drops never seen before, for that the sword
So worshipped, was at last wrenched from their lord,
And he lay dead amid those symbols red
On which thro life their cruel souls had fed.

A new day dawns, and in its placid skies
Of pearl and amber there a new flag flies,
Beneath whose folds of crimson set in white
A brotherhood of nations will unite
To guard the costly triumphs of the free;
Water and rear to full maturity
The tree of peace, beneath whose pleasant boughs
Man may develop all this earth allows;
In noble toil live out his hundred years;
Fight only wrong; and shed his willing tears
Over injustice, till shall open wide
The heavens, and down the fiery chariots glide.

CHAOS.

The dreams of world dominion past,
Comes to their consciousness at last
Their true position,—lost, betrayed
By them their loyalty had made
Lords of their lives; the country rife
With vassals of the demon strife;
Hunger from which they can not flee,
As ravenous as that cold sea
Upbraiding on their Baltic shore;
And war demanding more and more
Of life and treasure, as it goes
Ruthless, and gloating o'er their woes.

They see no more the days that glide
So sweetly by, the calm fireside,
The children climbing on their knee;
No more they hear the minstrelsy
That softened hearts, and sowed delight
In every household; but the sight
Of vacant chairs and piteous gloom,
Salutes their eyes in every room;
And added to such agony
A shipwrecked virtue, bankruptcy
Both physical and moral where
They freely breathed in honor's air.

Brought to such pass by rulers vile;
Hope stranded on the barren isle
Of ultimate and dire defeat;
Shunned by all nations as the seat
Of wrong, dishonor, perfidy,
On every side they sorrowing see
The waves of retribution rise:
A debt of so gigantic size
Naught but repudiation pays;
While heavier burdens conscience lays,
Burning Cain's brand on their bent brow,
And hell revealing here and now.

TO THE SERBIANS.

You fired a shot heard round the world;
And from his place the Austrian hurled,
And paid the penalty of woe.
And yet the hand that struck the blow
Was not your own: it was a force
Invisible which moulds the course
Of nations on the changeful earth,
And ever longs for some new birth,
Dissatisfied with each and all,
And dooming them in turn to fall
That other systems may arise,
And perish 'mid our joy or sighs.

But you have suffered, and we feel
Our bosoms 'gainst the tyrants steel
Still harder for your lonely sake,
Their cruel power resolved to break.
We see your cities overthrown;
We hear your wives' and childrens' moan
For bread across the stormy seas,
Sons, fathers, drinking to the lees
The wine of valor, and for this
The rod of slavery made to kiss,
In cages prisoned by your foes,
And dying in starvation's throes.

But this we say to them that still
The hate of Austria could not kill:
The time will come when in the air
Of freedom flies your banner fair,
Akin to ours its crested bars
Red, white and blue; and if the stars
Be absent there, they shine above
In tranquil, unforgotten love,
And signal us to set you free
Who fought the Turkish tyranny
Five hundred years; or, failing, go
United to the shades below.

* *

THE HEROIC DEAD.

Toll the solemn bell,
Ring the pious knell
Of them devoured by the hungry wave—
In that splendid winding-sheet
Where the skies and waters meet
Those defenders which we gave
First our freedom's cause to save
Sleep, and calmly sleep the fallen brave!

Not in the storm of battle when the blood
Races in one tumultuous flood
Thro every vein; or when, at close of day
The eye which has kept watch alway
Over the destiny
Of bond and free,
Sees from its red pavilion in the west
One dear flag in the arms of triumph rest;
But in the silent night
Asking a truce to manly fight,
Unseen the men of Kultur smite
A dastard blow, and safety seek in flight.

Ring again the deepening knell,
Tolling long the muffled bell,
Till its meaning in our hearts
Sinks, and a fervor fresh imparts
To avenge the fallen brave
Resting 'neath that distant wave,
As our loins we sternly gird
While its haunting tones are heard
From each vale and hill to swell
Where the hosts of freedom dwell,
Echoing loud from shore to shore
Vowed to freedom by the men of yore!

THE SACRIFICE.

To H. J. W.

Some where in France he wanders, and I know
He thinks of me because I love him so:
Yes, every day my thoughts assemble round
His cherished features, and I hear the sound
Of his dear voice, when his light footsteps came
With music in them: like a scorching flame
I feel those memories cluster on my heart;
But in a moment more the quick tears start,
Relieving my despair; I smile again,
And those smiles struggle thro my clouds of pain,
And wrap the sad, bleak landscape of my life
With soft illusions in this world of strife.

How calm and confident in those first days
His bearing was! How full of joy and praise
His language that his countrymen at last
The gage of battle at the foe had cast;
That the oppressor of the world would meet
At our avenging hands a vast defeat.
He ill could brook the inevitable delay
That held him from the ardor of the fray,
To chastise, as he said, the evil power
Drenching the earth with such Egyptian shower
Of blood, and falsely claiming that its sword,
Its ruthless sword, was guided by the Lord.

I gave him to his country, tho it tore
My heart strings; yet for it and him I bore
The anguish, and will bear it to the end.
And if at last his kindly fortune send
Him back to me, with martial honors crowned,
Or but an obscure hero, unrenowned,
I shall be paid in full for every tear,
For every sigh, in my lone chamber here;
And I will fold him in my withered heart,
And never more from me shall he depart;
But if he falls, and for his country dies,
I, too, will lay me down, and close my eyes.

* *

THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.

Snow, ice, cold, wilder winds than blow
With the tornado, silence, woe
Pinching the face of nature, life
Ever wishing to give up its strife
With the fierce elements, and lay
Its shrunk bones in their mother clay,
Days born from themselves, aged night
Casting a gloom, a pall, a blight
On the sad soul,—into this land
The Germans stagger by command
Of that pernicious lust for power
Which beckons on the victor's fatal hour.

A mightier one plunged in those snows,
One who had vanquished all his foes
Save fate and nature which combined
To discipline his haughty mind,
To teach him that there is a bound
Man shall not pass, where death is found
Lying in wait with bier and shroud
To bend and break his spirit proud:
Thus shall his sorry outlawed type
Rush on destruction, as grow ripe
His giant crimes, and the world sees
The great gulf fixed between their destinies.

CAMOUFLAGE.

Von Hertling talks, and in his sleeve
Laughs softly at them who believe
His cunning words: his is the role
To set up dummies, and cajole
The credulous with hopes of peace,
While at the front the leaders increase
Their efforts, and fresh numbers throw,
Despite the truce, against their foe:
He seeks to drive an artful wedge
Between the Allies, by some pledge
Evasive, vague, he will not keep
But only made to lull the world asleep.

Meantime, the crafty Potsdam crew
Their desperate deep designs renew;
Enlarge their armies, and invade
New countries, their familiar trade,
To execute their primal plan
For which this conflict they began—
The conquest of the world: dark, cold,
By no fear in such project bold
Restrained, before them ever lies
That book of maxims which despise
Faith with antagonists, and praise
Fraud, force, as the sole laws a Prince obeys.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEAS.

What tho the Russians helpless lie,
And to their glory say good-bye,
Our withers are unwrung; we tread
The earth as proudly, have no dread
With German arms contending, all
Before our fortune doomed to fall,
To expiate in blood and tears
The foulest orgies of the years;
And battles over, be at last
Among the nations for that past
So ghastly, termed the modern Hun
Which every righteous state perforce must shun.

What tho the Russians chose to fly,
To glory say a sad good-bye;
We mourn for them, and heave a sigh
That heroes see their country die,
And wish to live; but we command
The boundless seas and they the land;
And while that strangle hold is ours,
Vain are the struggles of the Powers:
Or soon or late they must succumb,
The voices of their guns grow dumb;
And as our bells ring out peace chimes
Kneel, and seek pardon for their thousand crimes.

MARCH-APRIL 1918

PEACE BY THE SWORD.

The mask has fallen; and no more
Charging their neighbors thirst for gore,
Or that they can not sleep at night
Because the Russians schemed to smite
Them unawares, they throw aside
Idle pretences, ranging far and wide
Defenseless lands, on plunder bent,
Led by their temper violent
And their peculiar god
Who carries for the innocent a heavy rod,
The patron of splendid rascality,
To whom alone they bend the knee,
Swollen with arrogance, with conquest drunk,
And in morasses of dishonor sunk.

To this we make but one reply:
That spirit or democracy must die;
They can not, hating, side by side,
Both in this narrow world abide.
Shall we surrender, and prepare the way
For sad return to grim despotic sway
From such a throne
As Lucifer might own,
And kneel in temples builded by the sword
On skulls and blood, where Moloch is adored
With blinding sorrow as the only Lord;
Or dedicate ourselves anew
To crush forever that despoiling crew,
And to earth bring
Peace by the sword, while anthems ring
And freedom joyful waves her purple wing?

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF.

Here, and so fallen! I who had enjoyed
The splendors of a throne, with flattery cloyed,
And held by my own will the life or death
Of millions! Now cast down I draw my breath,
And every breath I draw is linked with pain,
And testifies how hollow, fleeting, vain
The cherished things of life; how friends fall off
When fortune goes; how foes deride and scoff;
How weariness assails the spirit, pride
Departing too in which we could abide
The slanders of the world, dwell in its light
Till the soul fades into that vast of night!

What heritage was mine! How passing great
The empire builded by the Tsars and fate,
And lost by me! No wider sway was known
Than that my ancient scepter ruled alone;
All races of the earth beneath it dwelt,
To every god in heaven's hierarchy knelt,
No laws molesting; on the fertile land
Plenty with industry went hand in hand,
With love abounding, from the Baltic wave
To where the ocean's grandiose billows lave
Kamshatka cliffs, and where Caucasus peers
Among the clouds thro the eternal years.

And I was weak, and let that pearl of power
Slip from my brow! And in an evil hour
I listened to false counsels, and betrayed
The nation in that crisis when was laid
On my decision the doom of the world:
In gulfs of ruin have I witless hurled
Myself and Russia! But they who followed trod
Paths I recoiled from in the fear of God:
I never ceded lands, nor threw my arms
Away, seduced by the perfidious charms
Of foes Satanic. With all so lost, death's frown
Is welcome in this far Siberian town!

❦ ❦

THE SOMME.

In storm of shot and shell
That on their serried masses fell,
Destruction dealing fast,
The foe in waves rolled past
And dashed with furious shock
Against the living rock
Of British infantry, and dashed in vain:
The dead and dying heaped the plain,
Columns were withered and battalions swept away
In that stentorian, hideous play
Of sulphurous winds which on them sprung,
Lapping their lives with fiery tongue.

The mortars and the cannons roar,
Shells spout in streams and wildly soar,
Then shrieking fall and blindly crash
Thro flesh and bone, and rifles flash
From every trench and to the din add their report,
The quivering air is lashed by harsh retort
Of burly howitzer and magazine;
Above, the strong-lunged aviators are dimly seen,
Watching like birds of prey, and on the weltering plain
Drop flaming bombs, the slain are piled upon the slain,
A cloud of gas and smoke the combatants enfolds,
But the line holds, the line for freedom holds.

But on and on still came
Fresh numbers thro the deadly flame,
Marching in blood, and step by step drove back
With sullen strength and rush demoniac
The brave defenders, tho they paid a toll
Of lives so numberless to reach such goal
In their bad cause, it was defeat:
Tomorrow they will meet
The same ensanguined sleet;
Tomorrow they will greet
Not victory but death, as back the human tide is rolled;
For to the end that line will hold.

ONE YEAR.

Long has the battle raged; the desperate foe,
Gambling with fate, has made a final throw;
And when that card on the dread black and white
Fails, all is lost, and in the hopeless night
Of merited defeat, his wicked cause
Which drove out faith, and trampled fairest laws
Divine and human, will have pressed the lips
Of overthrow and permanent eclipse:
The flotsam of stern seas, quite out of date
Beside the freedom of a modern state
On honor based, justice, equality,
War must eradicate such leprosy.

For now America awakes, and sees
The offered cup must be drained to the lees;
Unstinted force must in the breach be thrown
That an autocracy so bloody grown
May be cast down, and in the bitter dust
Prostrated, to expiate its vengeful lust
Of world-wide power, that peoples of the earth
Be guaranteed the title of their birth,—
Peace, liberty, a road to happiness:
This benign land under the storm and stress
Of a sad duty is aroused to smite,
Like them of old, the new Amelikite.

Fed from our earliest days on victory,
We drew the sword to save democracy;
Force without stint or limit will we use,
Sustained by feelings that we can not lose,
From selfish purposes so proudly free;
And now, confronting for humanity,
The last remaining despots of the world,
With flags of plunder and of hate unfurled,
A righteous strength to our blessed arms is lent
The vaunting Hun in sackcloth will lament:
These, added to a wealth imposing, ring
The knell remorseless of that monstrous thing.

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